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one. It must not however be understood that upwards of two hundred pages can be filled with the bare facts to be found in Wegeler's diary; so that we have in addition to a record of Beethoven's early life, a long history of the Abbey of Heisterbach, a glance or two at the political aspect of the time, an account of the founding of Bonn University, and many other matters which keep our hero waiting, and somewhat mar the effect of a continuous narrative. At the gates of Vienna Beethoven is left for fifty-three years; and in the next chapter Bonn is celebrating a festival in which a statue of the great composer, who died in 1827, is to be unveiled to musical honours. Men who knew him intimately, now grown old, but fresh in their love for his genius, meet and talk openly of the great departed. Franz Liszt, the conductor, raises his staff, "and chorus and orchestra burst forth in a hymn composed in memory of Beethoven, and arranged to suitable music." The bronze figure, revealed in the full sunshine, becomes the centre of attraction to the vast multitude. "Then one long continued shout rose up to heaven." So ends the book; leaving the impatient worshipper of Beethoven in doubt as to his power of separating Wegeler from Müller, so as to be justified in remembering the one and forgetting the other. We have been candid in our opinions respecting this work, because we feel that the life of an artist is a matter of the utmost importance to art; and that no trifling with facts for the sake of book-making, should be permitted by those who have any power in guiding the public taste. That *Furioso* is of this class, we do not positively affirm; but we confess that the fine writing and melodramatic effects of Dr. Wolfgang Müller—even supposing that they were intended to ornament, and not to distort, the truth—do not prevent our regretting that the simple passages in the interesting diary of Professor Wegeler were not given to the world precisely as they were originally jotted down. We must add, in conclusion, that the work is exceedingly well translated; and that it is published in England with the full approval of Dr. Wolfgang Müller.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

ALTHOUGH Pantomime has been in the ascendant during the month, a one-act Operetta, called *Punchinello*, by Mr. Levy (already favourably known by his Operetta, *Fanchette*, produced during the Pyne and Harrison management at Covent Garden), has been brought out with decided success. The music is light, elegant, and full of vitality—occasionally perhaps betraying too close a reminiscence of the French composers upon whom Mr. Levy has founded his style—but good enough to show that we have a real writer amongst us, who may one day take rank as a composer of the school to which he very wisely devotes himself. As the work has already been withdrawn in favour of the ever-attractive *Faust*, it is unnecessary to do more than record its success, and to say that Miss Susan Galton has made a rapid stride in public estimation by her artistic singing in the principal part.

ROYAL ENGLISH OPERA.

WHATEVER may be the opinion of the operatic works hitherto produced at this establishment, it must at least be conceded that they were all from composers well known to the public; and it may reasonably be supposed, therefore, that a work from an untried hand would be accepted or rejected by the management solely on its own merits. For the sake of the critical judgment of the presiding powers, however, we trust that Mr. Clay's Operetta, *Constance*, produced on the 23rd ult., has not passed this ordeal; and we can only imagine that injudicious friends have, with a cruel kindness proverbial with the class, urged the young composer into premature notice, by persuading the management that an Operetta which is successful in a drawing-room, surrounded by friends, must be equally successful in an Opera-House, surrounded by the public. It will be unnecessary to do more than say that the scene is laid in Poland, at the time of its invasion by the Russians; and that the plot, which is taken by Mr. T. W. Robertson from a French melo-drama, turns upon the love of a young Polish soldier for a Countess, whose hand is also sought by the Russian Commandant of the city. Two spies, who are caught disguised as women, and condemned to be shot, effect their escape, and return in time to prevent the execution of the Countess's lover, who has also been made prisoner; and the story ends happily, with the capture of the Russians, and the usual florid *finale* for the heroine. The plotting of the Poles is materially aided by a *vivandière*, which character is archly played by Miss Thirlwall, but her music has so little vitality, even in the most animated scenes, that she could produce but small effect. The part of the Countess was sustained by Madlle. Martorelle, who gave the only melodious song in the Opera, "I have plighted my troth," with much expression and refined feeling, and received an unanimous encore. The want of any power in the composer to sustain dramatic interest was painfully felt where he was most ambitious to model his style upon the great operatic writers; and the acting concerted music therefore doomed the audience to perpetual disappointment, if we except the *stretto* of the duet between Mr. Haigh and Mr. Aynsley Cook, which, without any originality of subject, was marked and energetic enough to be encored. There is much musical feeling in the duet for soprano and tenor, "Mine in heaven, though not on earth;" but the want of genuine and spontaneous melody cannot be compensated for, even by a more artistic treatment of conventional materials than Mr. Clay has the power to bestow upon his work. With the audience, as usual, the Operetta was a success, and the composer was called before the curtain at the conclusion.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.

THAT Spohr's sacred music has in it that enduring power which must ever make it welcome to the educated musician, is beyond a question; but any doubt as to its effect upon the general public must have been at once dispelled by the magnificent performance of his Oratorio, *The Last Judgment*, on Friday the 20th ult. Never do we recollect an audience more thoroughly impressed with the sublimity of a subject, or more carried away by its sympathetic treatment as a great musical picture. The choral singing was the finest we have yet heard in Exeter Hall; and remembering what the Sacred Harmonic Society was before the engagement of Mr. Costa as its conductor, we may reasonably hope that London may eventually possess as perfectly trained a body of choristers as can be found in any musical city of the world. The first chorus, "Praise his awful name," was especially remarkable for the precision with which all the points were attacked, particularly by the tenors and basses on the words "All glory and majesty;" and for delicacy of light and shade, the choral parts of the solo and chorus, "Blest are the departed" (which was enthusiastically encored), were irreproachable. Madame Lemmens-